

# P O E M S

ON SUBJECTS

SACRED, MORAL,

AND

ENTERTAINING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By LUKE BOOKER.

" My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,  
" Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,  
" Where Peace, descending, bids her olives spring,  
" And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing."

POPE.

VOL. II.

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# C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

## S E C O N D V O L U M E.

	Page.
<b>T</b> HE LIAR. A Tale - -	I
GENIUS, VIRTUE, and REPUTATION.	
A Fable - - -	II
An ADDRESS to the SUPREME BEING -	15
ELEGY on the DEATH of a BROTHER -	19
ELEGY on LEAVING a FAVOURITE GARDEN	25
An IRREGULAR PASTORAL ELEGY -	31
To a SLEEPING INFANT - - -	41
BACCHANALIAN SONG - - -	43
	ODE

ii. C O N T E N T S.

ODE to a FRIEND on her BIRTH-DAY	-	46
HYMN to the DEITY	- - -	49
SONG, from the FRENCH	- - -	52
EULOGY on Mrs. NUNNS	- -	59
LOVE FOR LOVE. A Song	- -	63
ABSENCE. A Pastoral Song	- -	65
VERSES written under a LADY's NAME, at —		67
CLIFTON - GROVE	- - -	71

P O E M S

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ON 'SUBJECTS

SACRED, MORAL,

A N D

ENTERTAINING.



P. O. BOX 2

CHERRY MORRIS

WESTERLY, N.H.

T H E  
L I A R.  
A T A L E.

“ To shame a *Liar*—tell a greater lie.”

A Coxcomb, that awhile from home  
Has been, thro' foreign climes to roam—  
Wou'd have you think his favour'd eyes  
Saw things transcending all surprise.  
At one place, hares as large as hogs,  
And horses are as small as dogs :

When, at another, birds appear  
To crawl on land—beasts fly in air.  
Here, trees on trees, are seen to grow,  
There, islands vast in oceans flow :  
Here lakes of fire, and seas of glass  
By shores of burning lava pass :  
There, mole hills into mountains rise,  
'Till their huge summits touch the skies.

All these phænomena, and more  
Did *Wilding*, when abroad explore.  
Indeed, not any thing had been,  
That rare, or strange was to be seen,  
But this polite, accomplish'd ranger  
Had seen, by ten degrees, a stranger.



One eve, a friendly circle sat—  
“ Some talk’d of this thing, some of that ;”  
’Till one, among the rest—a Tar,  
The subject drew to arms and war.  
All themes to *Wilding* were alike,  
Who into each was sure to strike :  
To whom, the Tar———

“ Did you, who’ve travell’d *Europe* over,  
“ The *Cannon* ever see at *Dover* ?  
“ Sure never, Sir, beneath the sun,  
“ Was elsewhere seen so large a gun !  
‘ —*That* large ?’ says *Wilding*, in a fury,  
‘ A *pocket-pistol* ! I’ll assure ye  
‘ To one I saw as once I trac’d,  
‘ In coach-and-four, *Arabia*’s waste.

‘ ’Twas at that season, when the air  
‘ From storm and hail is seldom clear.  
‘ The light’ning flash’d : we look’d around,  
‘ No covert cheer’d the burning ground ;  
‘ ’Till (tho’ a tedious space between)  
‘ A *Mortar*, of vast size, was seen :  
‘ For which, with speed, our course we bent—  
‘ Arriv’d—and *in* our camels went.  
‘ Our carriage too, bowl’d onward straight,  
‘ As if ’t had been a city gate :  
‘ And, tho’ our camels, Sir, were four,  
‘ I’m sure ’t wou’d ’ve held as many more !’

Amazement seiz’d the list’ning throng,  
And silence chain’d awhile each tongue ;  
One look’d aloft, as pale as death,  
Another cries—“ A *bouncer* ! ’faith”

‘ —A *bouncer* ?—aye, and *thund’rer* too,

‘ As big as thunder-bolt e’er threw !’

“ —Sir, in the storm, pray *did* it thunder ?”

‘ —No Sir.’——“ Egad ! it was no wonder ;

“ And owing to this very cause—

“ Your stopping up the *thund’rer*’s jaws :

“ For *had* it thunder’d, ’tis well known

“ You into hail-stones had been blown.”

Thus ev’ry one, alternate, lash’d him,

But very little all abash’d him.

He only star’d, and look’d askew,

Then swore—‘ Nay, *demme* Sirs ! tis true !’

—“ True”—says a wag, “ as words of hermit,

“ And, if you please, I will confirm it.”



*Wilding*, at this, forfook his chair ;  
 Bow'd low with thanks—look'd debonair,  
 And begg'd he wou'd : to free his name  
 From such impertinence and shame.

“ Why, Sir, the very storm you mention

“ My mem'ry still has in retention.

“ Were not as large as is my thumb

“ The hail-stones ?”—‘ Yes, good Sir ; and some

‘ Larger than *magnum bonum* plumb !’

“ —They might, Sir. I remember well

“ Upon our coach like balls they fell ;

“ For, at the time, myself was there,

“ And saw you for the place repair :

“ Which we suppos'd to be a tavern,

“ Or some large subterraneous cavern ;

“ With

“ With such apparent ease you enter’d,  
 “ That soon to follow you we ventur’d.

“ On this agreed—two camels more,  
 “ We harness’d to our other four ;  
 “ And, thus equipp’d, away we drove  
 “ Surrounded by the flames of Jove.—  
 “ My friends !—you stare, as tho’ were craz’d  
 “ Or you or I—don’t be amaz’d——  
 “ Away we drove ; and in the Mortar  
 “ Saw *Wilding* stand, without a porter :  
 “ Right into which *our* carriage drew,  
 “ And *his*—*out of the touch-hole flew !*”

Here ceas’d the wag. And taunting jest  
 Escap’d the mouth of ev’ry guest.

Each

Each own'd the satire to be just,  
While *Wilding* bit his lips, and—blush'd:  
Convinc'd, that EV'RY LIAR's name  
Must glare with infamy, and shame.

GENIUS



GENIUS, VIRTUE,

A N D

REPUTATION.

A F A B L E.

**T**WAS in the vernal season of the year,  
When Nature's beauties ev'ry where appear,  
When GENIUS, VIRTUE, and fair REPUTATION  
Resolv'd to travel o'er the British nation  
(Three bosom friends, as diff'rent tales agree)  
Whate'er was worth their toil or cost to see.  
Not like the gentry of the modern times,  
Who go abroad to visit foreign climes,  
And after tracing th' Alpine mountains o'er  
Return no wiser than they were before :

But

But lest mischance, or some malignant fate,  
Far from each other them should separate—

“ Let us,” said they, “ before we mend our pace

“ Agree to meet at some appointed place.”

“ Shou’d it,” said GENIUS, “ be my lot to stray

“ From you, my dear companions, on our way,

“ (Which heav’n forbid shou’d prove to be my doom !)

“ You’ll find me resting on my *Shakespeare’s* tomb ;

“ Or in some grove where sacred *Milton* talk’d

“ With angels ; or where gentler *Thomson* walk’d.”

Fair VIRTUE next, with mild and down-cast eye,  
Confess’d (while from her bosom rose a sigh)

Her friends were few ;—but yet, in some retreat,

With one sincere she fondly hop’d to meet.

“ —Were I to lose you, or you me,” she cried,

“ With whom I am so happily allied,

“ Pass

- “ Pass by the *Cyprian* temples ; and each place  
“ Of midnight revel ; where reign fell disgrace,  
“ Mean adulation—bashless vice, and strife,  
“ Despising reason and a peaceful life.  
“ These scenes pass by, nor cast one look behind,  
“ For ne’er expect in them your friend to find.  
“ But seek the cottage where contentment smiles,  
“ Remote from falsehood, and from falsehood’s wiles :  
“ Or if with *Modesty*, perchance, I roam—  
“ Turn, undaunted, to that noble dome,  
“ Whose walls contain *Britannia’s Royal Pair* ;  
“ For I shall find a safe asylum there,  
“ And meet those long lost partners of my youth—  
“ Humility, Benevolence, and Truth.  
“ —’Tis strange, you’ll say, that guests like these  
    shou’d grace  
“ A palace—erst a palace’s *disgrace* ;

“ But



“ But true it is :—then thither turn your feet,  
“ And there yourselves reception kind will meet.  
“ For there the Arts and Sciences resort,  
“ And, blest’d, receive a gen’rous, kind support :  
“ There, hand in hand, my sister train are seen  
“ Encircling *Britain’s*, and their peerless Queen :  
“ There too, O GENIUS ! will resound thy fame,  
“ And thy best sanction prove—a spotless name.”

“ Alas ! ” said REPUTATION, with a sigh,  
“ You’re less—far less in danger, lost, than I !  
“ *You*, I perceive, may be restor’d again ;  
“ But, if *I’m* lost—not worlds wou’d me regain.  
“ Ah ! then, permit me not to stray from view—  
“ For, if *once* lost—for *ever* say adieu ! ”

T O

T O T H E  
ALL-PRESENT, YET UNKNOWN  
G O D !

W HATE'ER Thou art, Almighty Source  
divine !

Thou Omnipresent ! yet to all unknown,  
To all unseen—yet visible to all :  
Forgive my boldness ; while, with wond'ring eye,  
And scrutiny inquisitive, I trace  
Thee, the CREATOR, in thy varied works.

In ev'ry cooling breeze, with balmy sweets  
Surcharg'd ; in ev'ry copious drop of rain—

Thy

Thy bounty and benignity I feel :  
In ev'ry rougher wind, and raging storm—  
Thy pow'r :—ev'n who the meanest of thy works  
Can view, and not in it discover Thee ?

At morn, when from the chambers of the east,  
Thy glorious sun breaks forth,—and, o'er the earth  
Prolifick, darts his animating beams—  
Worlds unenlighten'd bend, and Thee behold  
In him a rising god.—At scorching noon,  
In cool sequester'd grove, near limpid stream—  
With Thee, in meditation sweet, I stray.

At dun-ey'd twilight, and at dusky eve,  
When, in the western sky, illumin'd clouds  
Mark the last vestige of departing day—  
From vocal woods, I carol'd hear Thy praise.

At



At night—when darkness o'er Creation's face  
Its spacious sable pall, dew-spangled, spreads ;  
And stars bestud the firmamental scene—  
Then, rising slowly from the orient wave,  
The moon, full orb'd, in clouded majesty,  
Her silent praise, in golden beams, displays :  
Wheeling her changeful, bright nocturnal lamp  
'Neath planetary, rolling worlds and suns ;—  
Which ne'er, with devious whirl disorder'd, jar ;  
For, Thy divine directing finger points  
Their destin'd course, which they rejoicing run.

Tho' nature's hush'd, and not a sound is heard  
In this still hour of universal rest ;  
Yet, in its deepest calm—its silence dead,  
I hear a solemn voice announcing Thee.

In what dark cavern,—in what desert wild,  
Unmark'd by mortal foot, shall I conceal  
Myself from thine all-comprehensive view?  
—If, on the morning's dewy wings, I'm borne  
Across th' extensive, fluctuating deep—  
Thou'rt there :—or if excursive fancy mount  
On pinions strong, thro' starry worlds, to heav'n—  
There Thou art cloath'd in full magnificence.  
Or, shou'd I to the confines of the dead  
Descend, where ten-fold darkness low'rs around—  
Lo! there too shall thy kind, paternal arm  
Be stretch'd, to lead me into endless light.  
In ev'ry part, Thy goodness shines abroad,  
And testifies that Thou art *ev'ry where*.

E L E G Y  
O N T H E  
D E A T H O F A B R O T H E R :  
A G E D T W E N T Y - O N E Y E A R S .

“ Where’er I roam, whatever scenes to see,  
“ My heart, untravel’d, fondly turns to Thee,—  
“ To thee, my *Brother*, turns with ceaseless pain,  
“ And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain.”

GOLDSMITH.

G O, sportive Muse ! who oft on airy wing,  
Hast kindly borne me o’er the festive plain ;—  
Rang’d with me o’er the blooming charms of spring,  
Where laughing pleasure leads her dimpled train.

And come, thou tender patroness of wo,

*Melpomene* ! with me benignly tread,



Where monumental edifices show

A vain distinction of th' unconscious dead.

Dear, sleeping Youth!—thy gentle shade I hail,

To thee affection owes the forrowing tear ;

“ But ah ! what can the forrowing tear avail—

“ Mistaken fondness !——ah !—that sigh forbear.

“ For he, to realms of never-ceasing joy

“ Is gone, where troubles cannot intervene ;

“ Where bliss celestial reigns without alloy,

“ And where are pleasures spotless and serene.”—

But say, can Nature's works reverse their plan ?

Can pity cease the feeling heart to move ?

'Twas heav'n that link'd, in friendship, man to man,

And bound them in th' endearing bonds of love.

Then

Then hail, dear Shade!—the tributary tear

Shall, unrestrain'd, thy sacred sod bedew :

When sad remembrance wafts thee to mine ear,

The yearning sigh thy mem'ry shall renew.

Each night, when *Cynthia* gilds th' ethereal skies,

And wearied nature's sunk in peaceful sleep,

I rise, and zephyrs bear thy name in sighs

Thro' lonesome grove, or over shadowy deep.

Then fancy's train, in phantoms round me fly ;

Ideal forms in active thought appear ;

Sweet *Echo* kindly sends me sigh for sigh,

And weeping dews return me tear for tear.

But thou'rt in peace, and hearest not my grief,

Else wouldst thou *MARCUS*! mitigate my wo,—

Descend from blessedness to my relief,  
Or cast a look—a pitying look below.

For thou, when with me, did'st my ev'ry care  
Participate, and make my sorrows thine ;  
Then shou'd not I restrain the erring tear—  
Th' ungrateful sigh, and think thy blessings mine ?

I would—but cannot—pardon my fond heart  
That only pants to press itself to thee ;—  
Oh ! let it pant 'till wearied life depart,  
And death arrive to set the struggler free.

Then, wing'd with love fraternal, will it rise  
With heav'nly ardour thro' the yielding air ;  
Welcom'd at last with choral symphonies,  
And meet its MARCUS “ in an angel there.”

O say,



O say, shall I commend thy dear lov'd name,

And to the world thy gen'rous mind impart ?

“ —Ah no ; the world unfeelingly wou'd blame

“ The partial fondness of a BROTHER's heart.”—

The world may blame. My honest Muse disdains

T' avoid its censure, or to fear its scorn ;

The love-taught verse, th' insensate, faint remains

Of him whose virtues claim it shall adorn.

Thus shall my heart a tributary truth,

O'er thy cold mansion, pour, with many a tear :

“ —Here, wrapp'd in hope's soft slumber, lies a youth,

“ Whose love was boundless as his mem'ry dear.

“ He fought the vale of death's dark silent shade,

“ Just as his charms had op'd their tender bud ;

“ When ev’ry grace his manly limbs array’d,

“ Lamented by the gen’rous and the good.

“ Like a fair flow’r, that opens when the sun

“ First shoots his blushes o’er the eastern skies ;

“ But when his swift diurnal race is done,

“ Its beauties fade—it withers—droops—and dies.”

O Death ! so grateful to the pious mind !

Benign conductor to a world of bliss !

In thee, the wretched an asylum find

From all the toils, and all the woes of this,

Soon will thy short—thy transitory pain,

The dreaded terrors of thy reign be o’er,

When kindred spirits shall embrace again

In *Heav’n*—where thou can’st never part them more.

ELEGY

E L E G Y:

WRITTEN AT LEAVING A FAVOURITE  
GARDEN.

Fata vocant,———

Jamque vale!———

VIRGIL.

**A** DIEU! my little Eden! \* much-lov'd scene  
Of tranquil bliss—of happiness serene!

Where oft retir'd, from all unpleasing things,

I've careless rov'd, nor envied even kings:

\* An appellation given the Garden by some friends of the Author,



'Mid whose variety of sweets I've stray'd,  
And, in each scented breeze, been amply paid  
For all my toil:—if toil it is to rear  
The tender flow'r ; and from the blasting air  
Defend its dulcet bloom.—Delightful toil !  
Early to turn the light, salubrious foil,  
And breathe its rich, invigorating fumes  
Exhal'd among th' expanding flow'rs perfumes.  
To mark the snow drop and the violet blow,  
The roses bud—the twining woodbines grow ;  
To see the feather'd songsters of the grove  
Erect their nests, and form their leagues of love ;  
To view the silver dews and show'rs descend—  
The new-born plants in clust'ring crowds ascend ;  
To mark the blossoms burst from ev'ry bud,  
To hear the musick of the neighb'ring wood—

Are

Are charms attendant on the sons of toil,\*  
 Unknown to those of indolence and guile  
 (Who revel scenes of dissipation o'er,  
 And haunt the cells of vice and midnight roar;

Who

\* The learned and amiable Dr. HORNE, in his elegant Sermon on 'The Garden of Eden,' has the following beautiful passages: which are here transcribed on account of their applicability to the subject of this Poem.

"The idea of pleasure," says that divine Author, "is inseparable from that of a Garden; where man still seeks after lost happiness, and where, perhaps, a good man finds the nearest resemblance of it which this world affords." "What is requisite," exclaims a great and original genius, "to make a wife and a happy man, but reflection and peace? and both are the natural growth of a Garden. A Garden to the virtuous is a Paradise still extant,—a Paradise unlost." † "The culture of a Garden, as it was the first employment of man, so it is that to which the most eminent persons in different ages have retired, from the camp and the cabinet, to pass the interval between a life of action and a removal hence. When old *Dioclesian* was invited from his retreat, to resume the purple which he had laid down some years before," "Ah," said he, "could you but see those fruits and herbs of mine own raising at *Salona*, you would never talk to me of

† Dr. YOUNG—*Centaur not fabulous*, p. 61.

'empire!'—

Who trace the maze where giddy folly leads—  
 Where passion triumphs, and where virtue bleeds)  
 Are charms most pleasing to the tranquil breast,—  
 Are charms which I, alas ! till now possess'd :

‘ empire !’ ——“ An accomplished statesman of our own country,  
 “ who spent the latter part of his life in this manner, hath so well  
 “ described the advantages of it, that it would be injustice to com-  
 “ municate his ideas in any words but his own.” ——‘ No other  
 ‘ sort of abode,’ “ says he.” ‘ seems to contribute so much both to  
 ‘ the tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body. The sweetness  
 ‘ of the air, the pleasantness of the smell, the verdure of plants,  
 ‘ the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercise of working or  
 ‘ walking ; but, above all, the exemption from care and solicitude,  
 ‘ seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and  
 ‘ health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the  
 ‘ quiet and ease both of body and mind. A Garden has been the  
 ‘ inclination of kings, and the choice of philosophers ; the com-  
 ‘ mon favourite of publick and private men ; the pleasure of the  
 ‘ greatest, and the care of the meanest ; an employment and a  
 ‘ possession, for which no man is too high, nor too low. If we be-  
 ‘ lieve the Scriptures,’ “ concludes he.” ‘ we must allow, that God  
 ‘ Almighty thought the life of man in a Garden the happiest he  
 ‘ could give him ; or else, he would not have placed Adam in  
 ‘ that of Eden.’ †

† SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, *Garden of Epicurus*. Vid.

—’Till



—'Till now?—And must I bid them hence adieu,  
Nor more, blest'd spot! enjoyment taste in you?  
Shall not thy sweets afford me more delight,  
Amuse my fancy, nor transport my sight?

And thee, O ever verdant, friendly bow'r!  
Benign asylum from the sultry hour!  
Whose cooling shade hath oft refreshment giv'n,  
And tun'd each thought to harmony and heav'n—  
Must I no longer, freed from cares alarms,  
In thee enjoy those pure untainted charms,  
Which from the source of meditation spring,  
And to the mind divine instruction bring?  
No longer, 'neath thy shade, the time beguile  
With useful lore, nor woo the Muse's smile?  
No longer give thy harmless tenants food,

Nor

Nor prove a guardian to their tender brood ? \*

—Ah ! no.—Adieu ! ye flow'rs, ye plants, and trees,  
Which load with sweets the wings of ev'ry breeze :  
May no untimely storm's rude blast annoy  
Your rising beauties, nor your fruits destroy ;  
But may soft winds around your foliage play,  
And waft, like charms, each noxious gale away.

Adieu, my bow'r ! and, in thy branches green,  
May birds, each spring, to build their nests be seen,  
Unknown to pining want and brutal guile,  
Beneath some other's hospitable smile ;  
While songs of gratitude salute his ear  
In ev'ry season of the rolling year.

\* In this bower, formed chiefly of ever-greens, many birds of various kinds used to build their nests every spring the Author had it in possession, in return for a few crumbs they always received from him, during the severity of winter.

STREPHON

STREPHON AND DAPHNE ;

O R,

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

AN IRREGULAR PASTORAL ELEGY.

**W**HEN sheep made white the spacious fold,  
And sweets perfum'd each passing gale :—

When western clouds were ting'd with gold,

And mountain shades eclips'd the vale—

Drawn from the hamlet's cheerful green,

By faithful mem'ry's tender tear,

Young



Young Strephon sought the sylvan scene,  
To mourn his dead—his hapless fair.

Where as he fate, with wo depress'd,  
Beneath the shade of dark'ning trees;  
He, sympathizing streams address'd,  
In melancholy strains like these—

“ How heavily passes the lingering hour,

“ Now Daphne, fair Daphne, my charmer's away !

“ Gay pleasure and mirth, now depriv'd of their pow'r,

“ Are chang'd into gloomy despair and dismay.

“ Each landscape that once was seen blooming and fair,

“ Is robb'd of those charms which afforded delight ;

“ The woodbine and jessamine cease to appear

“ So lovely—so verdant and dear to my sight.

“ The

“ The beauties of nature are blasted and dead,

“ Which once decorated these desolate plains ;

“ Ev’n Echo herself from our fields must be fled,

“ Or deaf grown to aught but my sorrowful strains.

“ When Daphne was here—Oh, how painfully sweet !

“ Methought ’twas an angel fate by me and sung ;

“ The red-breast wou’d perch on a plant at her feet,

“ And mimick th’ harmonious charms of her tongue.

“ Then echo, soft echo, along the green dale,

“ Where primroses, daifies, and violets grow,

“ Wou’d repeat to the mountains her innocent tale,—

“ The mountains repeat it to vallies below.

“ The vallies unwilling such musick to close,

“ To list’ning heaven the notes wou’d impart ;

“ Whence, pure as the dew-drops which fall from the  
rose,

“ They’d descend, and at last find a place in my heart.

“ Ah, say then, ye woods ! ought that heart to forbear,

“ Such peerless perfection as this to deplore ?——

“ Then let all your trees in soft whispers declare——

‘ *Ah ! Daphne, fair Daphne, our Pride, is no more !* ’

“ When I fondly suppose she once liv’d,—do I dream ?

“ Or is it but fancy that tells me she’s dead ?

“ —Ah, no, wretched swain !—by yon murmuring  
stream,

“ A flowery turf lightly covers her head.

“ Such sympathy liv’d in her angelick breast,

“ That at misery’s tale, the soft tear wou’d descend ;

“ Her



“ Her heart——why so tender, or why so oppress’d—  
 “ Dissolv’d in a sigh, for the loss of her friend.

“ Recite, plaintive Muse ! the affectionate lay,  
 “ When her much valu’d Phillida died, Daphne sung,  
 “ Who, as soon as she’d wip’d the tear-torrent away,  
 “ These accents of sorrow distill’d from her tongue.”

‘ —No longer with the nymphs and swains  
 ‘ Must Phillida appear ;  
 ‘ No longer must she trip the plains,  
 ‘ Nor crop the daisy fair.

‘ No longer will her sportive lambs,  
 ‘ In harmless gambols, play  
 ‘ Around her and their bleating dams,  
 ‘ Along the flow’ry way.

- ‘ For, ah ! a prey to ruthless death  
   ‘ Hath fall’n the beauteous fair ;  
 ‘ And left me with her fleeting breath,  
   ‘ A victim to despair.
- ‘ No more her swain with flow’rs will deck  
   ‘ Her golden tresses long,  
 ‘ Which waving, wanton’d round her neck,  
   ‘ Or, o’er her bosom hung.
- ‘ Alas ! those flow’rs at morn she wore  
   ‘ Among the youthful crowd,  
 ‘ Before the sports of eve were o’er,  
   ‘ Adorn’d her in her shroud.
- ‘ So, like a flow’r, that blooming grows  
   ‘ In all its vernal pride,

‘ On

‘ On her fair face, the blushing rose

‘ Turn’d pale—decay’d, and died.

‘ No longer charms can nature lend

‘ To please me as before ;

‘ For ah ! my dearer self—my friend,

‘ My Phillida’s no more !’

“ Thus Daphne, in numbers of sorrow like these,

“ Did Phillida’s funeral dirges rehearse ;

“ Then say, ye who love, how can Strephon displease,

“ If Daphne’s the theme of his humbler verse ?

“ For Daphne was equally lovely and fair,—

“ But what are external perfections and grace,

“ When plac’d with her sweetness of mind in compare,

“ Which index’d itself on her beautiful face ?



" In her face, what celestial perfections were wrought !

" Each feature beam'd virtue, devotion, and bliss ;—

" But, cease, mem'ry ! cease, for too poignant's the  
thought,

" To a heart that esteem'd and lov'd Daphne like this.

" Alas ! hapless Strephon, how wretched thy lot !

" No more will thy sorrows permit thee to rest ;

" Nor joy's cheering smile more illumine thy cot,

" Nor happiness ever abide in thy breast.

" Then hail, benign death ! far the tenderest friend,

" When anguish, misfortune, and torture increase ;

" The tragical scene of my misery end,

" And lead me to Daphne, to heav'n and peace."

Thus said, he went and kiss'd the grave,

With fond affection, where she lay ;

His

His tears the brier-bound turf did lave,  
Till some kind fwain him bore away.

Rude grief his glowing bosom chill'd—  
A pallid gloom his face o'erspread :  
And, ere three moons their orbs had fill'd,  
He fought the regions of the dead.

Sad mem'ry's sigh each bosom moves,  
To Daphne's grave his corse they bear ;  
Where nymphs and fwains recall'd their loves,  
And dropp'd for each a pitying tear.

Just o'er the sod a fable yew  
Its dark-green branches spread around,  
Which oft, in tears of pearly dew,  
Wept o'er the hallow'd, peaceful ground.

Upon whose bark some friendly hind  
These tributary lines engrav'd ;  
Tho' not by sculptur'd art design'd,  
Are all they wish'd for—all they crav'd——

## “ E P I T A P H.

“ If, hither, chance thy lonely feet hath mov'd,  
“ Or, Stranger ! if thee choice conducteth here ;  
“ First learn how Strephon and fair Daphne lov'd,  
“ Then pay their shades a sympathetick tear.  
  
“ Daphne a martyr at the sacred shrine  
“ Of Friendship fell ; and Strephon at her doom  
“ Untimely died :—thus, as their souls did join  
“ In one, their relicks found this peaceful tomb.”



T O A

## SLEEPING INFANT.

O Thou untainted—yet unopen'd flow'r!  
May no dread storm, in life's uncertain hour,  
Thy blossoms blast of innocence and peace,—  
But may they ripen as thy suns increase.  
May, in thy breast, no latent vice repose,  
And, like the cank'ring worm within the rose,  
Harm its expanding pow'rs :—no passion fell,  
There, like a forming tempest, lurking dwell ;

No

No rude propensity to act amiss—

Foes to thy mortal and immortal bliss.

And, when life's chequer'd journey's at an end  
(By Hope attended, man's celestial friend)  
From the calm sleep of death may'st thou arise,  
And bloom an angel in the blissful skies.

BACCHANALIAN

## BACCHANALIAN SONG.

**F**OR popular clamour let statesmen declaim,  
And barter their country for int'rest and fame,  
While, blest'd with contentment, my bottle and friend,  
In mirth and good-humour, my moments I spend.

Far distant from noise, in a plain handsome cot,  
Where neatness is seen, but where pride enters not,  
With an income sufficient to keep myself clear  
From meanness—no mortal I'll envy or fear.

With



With my neighbouring friends (when the season is  
cold—

My companions now young, and my friends when I'm  
old)

I'll wear out the night o'er a bottle of cheer,  
And drive, with a song, away sorrow and care.

My life ever govern'd by justice and truth,  
I'll smile at my innocent follies in youth,  
Those precepts they gave me those precepts I'll give,  
And be young when I'm old, and gay while I live.

By some good social maxims my conduct I'll steer,  
Nor elated by hope nor borne down by despair,  
Health bright on my cheek, and content in my heart,  
I'll stand all the changes that fate can impart.

The girl whom dame fortune to me shall consign,  
(In whom may sweet ease and simplicity join)  
I'll cherish till death—These, ye gods, I implore,  
What man can, in reason, e'er wish to have more?

In such a condition, with such an estate,  
I'll smile at the grandeur and pomp of the great,  
When my locks turn to snow, then contented I'll be,  
And live all my days—independent and free.

O D E

O D E

T O A N

AMIALE FRIEND, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

*Time—Spring.*

Hic dies, vere mihi festus, atas  
Eximet curas.—

HOR.

A GAIN the frost-nipp'd plant revives,  
The daisy cheers the fresh green plain,  
The bees with honey store their hives,  
And dormant nature 'wakes again.

Each tree, each shrub, and op'ning flow'r,  
Once veil'd in hoary robes of snow,  
Now smile again :—the transient show'r  
Descends, and makes the herbage grow.

The



The wanton zephyrs gently play  
Along the scented, ambient air ;  
The fields their beauties now display,  
And look again serenely fair.

The pebbly stream soft murmuring flows,  
Once bound in winter's icy chains ;  
The breeze unfolds the blushing rose,  
And spreads sweet odours thro' the plains.

See, blooming nature all around  
Now calls her vernal offspring forth,  
Whose varied charms adorn the ground,  
To hail the day of DAPHNE's birth.

The snowdrop lifts its pearly eye,  
Amid a new-created throng :

Around

Around the fair the songsters fly,  
And pay their tribute in a song.

Hark ! how they make the woodlands ring  
As they repeat the love-taught lay ;  
Methinks I hear them warbling sing—  
“ *This, this is DAPHNE’S NATAL-DAY.*”

A day, when from the groves and fields,  
The fwains their flow’ry garlands bring,—  
A day when frowning Winter yields  
His gloomy reign to smiling Spring.

Oh ! may it like the spring revolve,  
New charms producing ev’ry year ;  
’Till death those charms on earth dissolve,  
Serener springs in heav’n to cheer.

H Y M N

## HYMN TO THE DEITY.

**M**Y God ! my Saviour ! and my King !  
My Rock ! my Fortrefs ! and my Tow'r !\*

Thine aid I crave Thy praise to sing,  
Thy works of wonder and of pow'r.

Oh ! let my tongue for ever tell  
How rich Thy bounty !—just Thy ways !  
And let my breast for ever swell  
With fervent gratitude and praise.

At morn—at noon—at eve serene,  
Pure from my lips shall incense rise

\* Vid. 22 Ch. 2 Samuel,



To Thee whose goodness fills each scene,  
Whose pow'r created earth and skies.

Hark ! how the whole creation round  
Thy matchless glory doth proclaim !  
The vallies sing—the hills resound  
Incessant praises to Thy name.

Shall these in silence shew Thy praise ?  
And shall *my* tongue still silent be ?  
Shall these declare Thy wond'rous ways,  
And *I* not join in praise to Thee ?

If I to praise Thy name refrain,  
May endless silence seize my tongue,  
Nor tongue, nor lips e'er move again,  
Till praise to Thee inspire my song.

Shou'd

Shou'd I to defart wild be driv'n,

Where human foot before ne'er trod—

Mine eye shall there be rais'd to heav'n,

My tongue with praise there hail my GOD.

Or, if around my raptur'd frame

Thy sacred temple's walls ascend,

Warm from my heart the hallow'd flame,

Shall thence to loftiest heav'n extend.

Oh ! let my time in praise be spent,

Which Thou to me on earth hast giv'n ;

And when I close the moments lent,

May I renew the theme in heav'n. \*

\* Some passages in the above hymn are altered from a Manuscript of the late Mr. YATE, of *Claverley, Shropshire*, given to the Author of this publication by a Relation of that deceased Gentleman.

S O N G,

FROM THE FRENCH.

**T**HIR SIS, feated on the grafs,  
    'Neath a beech, the other day,  
While the freams foft murmuring pafs,  
    Thus effay'd his love-taught lay :—  
“ Cruel nymph ! whole grace and eafe  
    “ Ev'ry fwain with raptures move !  
“ Why haft thou thus the art to pleafe,  
    “ And not the tendernes to love !

“ Since



# C H A N S O N.

**A** S S I S sur l'herbette,  
Tircis l'autre jour,  
Deffus fa mufette,

Chantoit fon amour :

“ Cruelle bergere !

“ Qui fçais tout charmer,

“ Pourquoi fçais tu plaire,

“ Sans fçavoir aimer !

“ Since thy charms alarm’d my breast,

“ More than words its sighs reveal ;

“ My flocks, no longer playful, rest,

“ And seem to pity what I feel :

“ Cruel nymph ! whose grace and ease

“ Ev’ry swain with raptures move,—

“ Why hast thou thus the charm to please,

“ And not the tenderness to love !

“ Is there in this grove a youth

“ Less inconstant—more sincere ?

“ Who esteems the name of truth

“ As his life or Flavia dear ?

“ Cruel nymph ! whose grace and ease

“ Ev’ry swain with raptures move,—

“ Why hast thou thus the charm to please,

“ And not the tenderness to love !

“ When

“ Depuis que tes charmes

“ Ont ravi mon cœur,

“ Je vis en alarmes,

“ Je tombe en langueur.—Cruelle, &c.

“ Vois tu dans la plaine,

“ Mon troupeau couchè

“ Qui ressent la peine,

“ Dont je suis touché.—Cruelle, &c.

“ Dedans ce bocage

“ Est-il un berger

“ Qui soit moins volage ?

“ Qui soit moins léger ?

“ Cruelle bergere !

“ Qui sçais tu charmer,

“ Pourquoi sçais tu plaire,

“ Sans sçavoir aimer !



“ When attempt I e’er to play

“ And Colinnetta’s praise rehearse,

“ The name of Flavia fills my lay,

“ And echo joins me in this verse :—

“ Cruel nymph ! whose grace and ease

“ Ev’ry swain with raptures move,

“ Why hast thou thus the charm to please,

“ And not the tenderness to love !

“ But when, my fair, thine heart shall change,

“ And thou dost smile my fears away,—

“ For ever, as alone I range,

“ Shall resounding vallies say :—

“ Lovely nymph ! whose grace and ease

“ Ev’ry swain with raptures move,

“ Now thou hast more than charms to please—

“ For thou hast tenderness to love.”

“ Quand sur ma musette

“ Je forme des sons,

“ Le nom de Nannette

“ Est dans mes chansons.

“ Cruelle bergere !

“ Qui sçais tu charmer,

“ Pourquoi sçais tu plaire,

“ Sans sçavoir aimer !

“ Mais lorsque, Nannette,

“ Ton cœur changera,

“ Alors ma musette

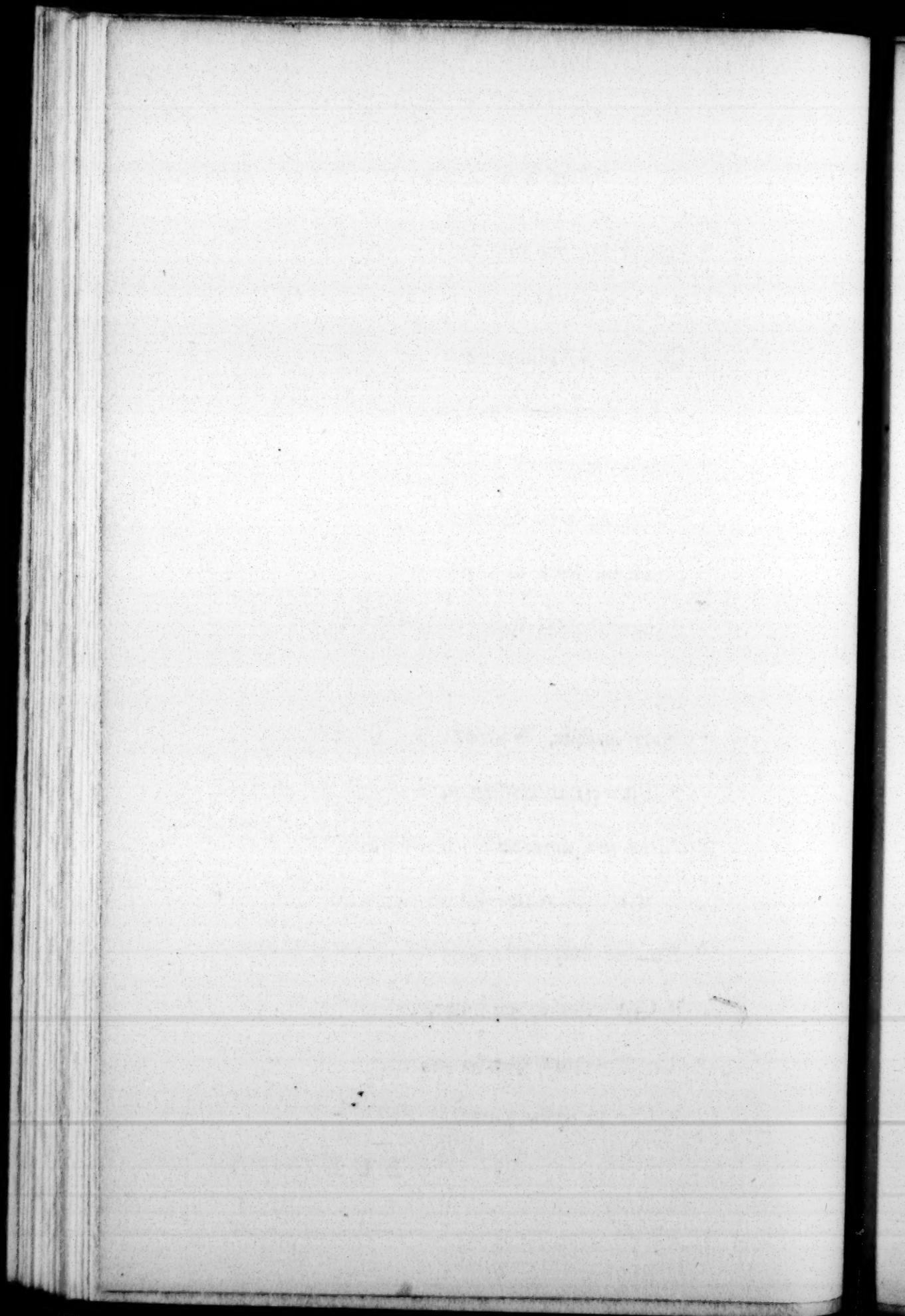
“ Sans cesse dira—

“ Amable bergere !

“ Qui m'as tu charmer,

“ Tu sçais plus que plaire,

“ Car tu sçais aimer.”





E U L O G Y

O N

Mrs. N U N N S,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING HER IN THE  
CHARACTER OF ISABELLA.

W I T H elocution's charm, and action's ease,  
At once the feeling heart to wound and please ;  
With pity's softest tongue at once to raise  
The sigh of sorrow and the roar of praise—  
'Tis thine ;—'tis thine, O gentle NUNNS ! to bind  
In soft oblivion's chains, the human mind :  
To make it all its lively pow'rs repress,  
And feel a *real*—at thy feign'd distress :

To

To make the tears an inward pang bespeak,  
While trembling on the tender female cheek,  
Like pearly dew, which summer suns disclose  
Within the bosom of the blushing rose.

Nor only on the female cheek, thy pow'rs  
Constrain to fall the sympathetick show'rs ;  
For, what disgust wou'd give the Muse's pen  
Were it to say—Tears bath'd the cheeks of men ?  
Since, when not from the source of art they flow,  
A gen'rous and a noble soul they shew,—  
A soul, not only melting at distress,  
But also glowing to afford redress.

Such, weens the muse, were those which testified  
Internal grief, when *Isabella* died :

And

And such are they which oft the heart assuage,  
When NUNNS, in tragick form, adorns the stage;  
Sorrow so lovely seems, by her when dress'd,  
That each admits it as a welcome guest,  
Nay, courts the exile to usurp his breast.

}

And yet, not sad *Melpomene* alone,  
O graceful fair! shall claim thee as her own;  
Gay *Thalia*, too, demands an equal part,  
And bids thee shine in her mysterious art:  
Bids thee ev'n age's icy bosom cheer,  
Delight the grave, and smooth the brow of care.

Go then, and let impartial criticks see  
Thy share of praise their candour owes to thee:

Seek



Seek scenes more gay—more crowded—yet forbear  
To rob from *sorrow's queen* \* one crystal tear :  
From thy sweet tongue let livelier accents flow,  
And leave to her the melting strains of wo †

\* MRS. SIDDONS.

† At the time these verses were written, Mrs. NUNNS expected to be engaged for one of the London Theatres.

LOVE

LOVE FOR LOVE.

A S O N G.

**W**ILL SYLVIA leave her peaceful cot,  
Embosom'd in the winding glade?

Can rural ——— be forgot,

With ev'ry blisful scene array'd?

Will she for ARCAS leave her home,

Her harmless flocks for ARCAS fly?

No; he for her shall cease to roam,

And with his SYLVIA live and die.

Adieu,

Adieu, ye busy scenes of life !

Where wars and discords intervene,  
Where reign ambition, noise, and strife,  
Devoid of ev'ry bliss serene.

Hail, sweet retreat ! where nature reigns,  
Where flow'rs delight th' enraptur'd eye ;  
Where flocks adorn th' enamel'd plains,  
With SYLVIA there I'll live and die.

ABSENCE



A B S E N C E.

A P A S T O R A L S O N G.

**F**AREWELL! the cheerful village green,  
Where nymphs and shepherds blythe resort;

Where youth and pleasure deck the scene,

In mazy dance, or festive sport:

Alas! in you no raptures reign,

In you no tranquil charms appear;

But discontent and anxious pain,

For ah! my SYLVIA is not there.

Those vales thro' which a silver stream,

In wild meanders, murm'ring flows;

Once, pleasing scenes—now dismal seem,

And all their wonted beauties lose :

My fleecy plains afford no joy,

Ungrac'd by thee, my gentle fair,

No lovely scenes my eyes enjoy,

When lovelier SYLVIA is not there.

With her, when roving o'er the plain,

Such pangs as these ne'er wound my breast,—

Then she dispels each mental pain,

And lulls each busy care to rest :

Alas ! what transports fill'd my mind,

What raptures felt my breast sincere,

When in yon beechen shade reclin'd !

But ah ! my SYLVIA *then* was there.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN UNDER A YOUNG LADY'S NAME,

I N T H E

TEMPLE OF MINERVA,

A T —————

**N**OT ev'ry scribbling candidate for fame  
Whom Folly aids to advertise his name,  
Deserves to leave, in scenes like these divine,  
A base remembrance, in a baser line : \*  
But Thine, O lovely ! O accomplish'd Fair !  
Were — — — heav'n, a place wou'd merit here ;

\* Alluding to the names and verses upon the walls.



68 WRITTEN UNDER A YOUNG LADY'S NAME.

For, in this cool retreat—this peaceful dell,  
Where dove-ey'd *Virtue's* ever fond to dwell,  
The *Graces Wisdom's* sacred temple claim  
To make immortal as their own Thy name ;  
While others' near it dimly seem to shine,  
Lost in th' effulgence that proceeds from thine.

Thus the bright moon in summer's cloudless sky,  
Mid stars less splendid, strikes th' enraptur'd eye ;  
Doth wayward fancy to her glories bind,  
And solely fills the captivated mind.

CLIFTON.

CLIFTON - GROVE.

## A R G U M E N T.

*THE* pleasing effects of the situation on the mind. Thought to be Paradise, but for the timidity of lambs and birds. The latter's innocent assurance before, and fearfulness since, the fall of man, compared. The cruelty of robbing their nests or otherwise hurting them.—A digression to distant prospects. The Trent. Barges, and other objects thereon. The utility of navigation and commerce considered to the British nation. Eulogium on the Duke of Bridgewater. Fishing. Beeston meadow. The herds and country people at milking time. The happiness of a rural life. Wollaton hall and park. The deer: reflections on the inhuman manner of, and sordid causes for, destroying them. Bramcote hill. Pleasing reflections arising at being early educated near that spot. A tale. Vista of Clifton-grove. Clifton hall. Northern views. Wilford. An Address to the young inhabitants of Nottingham. Congratulations on their pleasing situation. The pleasures attendant on evening walks towards Clifton. Nottingham. Its ancient and present states compared. The Infirmary. Its good design and effects. Concluding with an invocation for its prosperity, and that of the benefactors.

CLIFTON.



## CLIFTON - GROVE. \*

*The Poem commences at Noon, and closes at Evening.*

SEASON—THE SPRING.

Hic ver purpureum ; varios hic flumina circum  
Fundit humus flores :—hic candida populus antro  
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.

VIRGIL.

**M**ETHINKS in blissful Eden's flow'ry wilds  
I raptur'd stray, by sportive fancy led,  
Thro' grove umbrageous. Ev'ry where around  
Sweet prospects and serenity conspire

\* *Clifton-Grove* is part of the delightful Seat of Sir GERVAE  
CLIFTON, Bart. of *Clifton*, near *Nottingham*.

To 'wake the lively sense—the heav'nly thought—  
The soft ejaculation of the soul.

In Eden?—Ah! then why, with timid haste,

Do yonder lambs retire; and form the line,

As if from me, 'fall'n man, they look'd for war?

—Emblems of innocence! dispel your fears!

Still playful feed, unwittful of alarm.

Or why, with ruffled plumes, do yonder birds,

Affrighted, wing their flight from tree to tree?

Which there, not fearful, wou'd the pliant straw,

And bending fibre bear in tender bill,

To form a safe asylum for their young.

—Still live secure:—I come not to intrude,

I come not here with barbarous intent,

To rifle your warm nests with cruel hand,

And rob you of your young——compassion leads

Me

Me here to see if no relentless hand  
Has made those riots in your peaceful haunts,  
Which pity, and a feeling heart condemn.

Thee, harmless red-breast ! pity's best-lov'd bird !  
Ah ! set not up thy plumes with timid rage ;  
Nor you, sweet linnet !—thrush—and tend'rer wren,  
Thrice welcome tenants of this cool retreat !  
Ne'er flutter from your little mossy cells  
Confus'd and fearful.—That you may not roam  
O'er desert wild, nor leave your callow brood  
To the chill mercy of the ev'ning air—  
A scanty meal I scatter near your homes.  
—Forbear the soft parental pang to feel  
Which absence ever brings—that some rude boy  
Espy your haunt, and steal its treasure thence.

As



As thou'd from home some fondling parent go,  
On errand bent (perhaps to climes remote)  
Domestick ; and, in unsuspected hour,  
Some ruffian come, and ruin spread around  
His peaceful mansion ; or, with iron hand,  
Shed the pure blood of those he dearest lov'd—  
Say, what wou'd be his anguish—his despair,  
When home returning, laden with the fruits  
Of his paternal care, and pious toil,  
To be saluted with the horrid news ?  
——Then thinkest thou, Inhuman ! that the dove  
Less sensibly a parent's yearning feels,  
When, by thy rude assassinating hand,  
Bereft of constant mate, or harmless young ?  
—Drooping in some grief-sympathizing yew,  
It wastes its widow'd hours, forlorn and sad,

Destin'd

Destin'd by thee to solitude and wo.

—Ah then forbear !—for pity's sake forbear !

To persecute the guiltless, tender race,—

A race, of gratitude not quite devoid ;

For, let the little warbling tribe enjoy

That liberty which thou thyself wou'd'st love,

And they'll reward thee with a grateful song.

—Forbear then to confine, or keep them bound

In wiry prison :—ah ! refrain to hurt,

Or take away that life you can't restore.

But soft ; from strains of sweet humanity,

My Muse, far bear me, where the visual sense

May revel unconfin'd, in vast expanse

Of blooming prospects, bursting on the view.

From hence, adown the steep declivity,

At

At whose green foot, in silver waves, old Trent,  
With awful murmur, rolls his tide along.  
On the bright placid surface, mark the fun  
Ejaculate, from his meridian height,  
His tepid, vernal, nature-cheering beams ;  
Which, broken by the moving element,  
Twinkle, like stars in the etherial skies.  
And there, while bending willows ventilate  
The shaded path, majestic barges view  
Gliding before the broad impellent waves.  
While yonder, on the farther bank, behold  
The toiling boatmen, bending to the yoke,  
With equal stride, against the opposing stream,  
Haling the shrouded fabrick, laden deep.

These are thine aids, great ALBION ! these the means  
By which bright wealth and smiling plenty cheer

Thy



Thy happy fons — invincible in war.  
Not only on thy coasts does Commerce smile,  
But too, thy most interiour lands pervade  
The ductile streams, by Genius taught to flow.

Mountains, whose hoary, craggy heads transpierce  
The aqueous clouds—O BRIDGEWATER ! attempt  
Thy noble projects to impede, in vain.  
Thro' their vast, adamantine fides, erst deem'd  
Impenetrable, from some copious vale  
Thine hand conducts the vessel-bearing wave.  
—Still persevere to bless, with useful arts,  
Thy native land :—the wretched band supply \*

\* When the numerous and invaluable benefits arising from the DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER'S works are *exclusively* considered, that Nobleman's employing such numbers of poor persons (who at the conclusion of the last war must either have starved in poverty, or violated the laws of their country), entitles him to every encomium.

With salutary labour, and with bread,  
And render nature passive to thy will :  
While youthful bards and venerable seers  
Shall thy more than Herculean deeds proclaim. \*

See ! on the Trent's smooth bosom, snow-white swans  
Bend their fair necks, and scud along the gleam.  
Now, in array, they swell their lofty chests,  
And shake their downy plumes, inspir'd with ire  
Against yon spaniel, swimming to engage,  
And drive them from their watery domain.  
—But vain is all his cunning—vain his threats,  
They scorn to yield him monarch of the flood.

\* Hic juvenum chorus ; ille senum : qui carminē laudes  
Herculeas et facta ferunt.—————

VIRG. ÆN. 8. 287.

There,

There, on the arid strand (which back reflects  
The potent beam of Phœbus, raging hot,  
When in fierce conflict with the canine star)  
Stand the deluders of the finny race,  
With rods elastic. Others, half immerg'd,  
Conceal the baited death, by the fair stream  
Disturbing ; and, around the barbed hook,  
Entice th' unconscious greedy tribe in shoals.  
Some, captur'd, lie convulsive on the grass,  
Faint, gasping to the air their tender lives.

Thus, round incautious, inexperience'd youth,  
Her golden mist the firen Pleasure spreads ;  
Then in their path some subtle meteor casts,  
Which, amid bland enchantment, they pursue  
Thro' fairy scenes of fascinating bliss ;

Till



Till headlong down destruction's precipice,  
Like canker'd fruit, redeemless heaps they fall.

Now, sportive fancy, o'er the humid deep,  
Bear my rapt soul on thine excursive wing:  
Where, to soft revelry, in yonder mead \*  
Green mantled, spacious, she may unconfine  
Her glowing faculties—among the sweets  
Of vegetative nature. Ev'ry where  
Around, the blooming offspring of the earth  
Arise, and, in the gale, their spicy store  
Diffuse; while in the same refreshing breeze  
Commix'd, the lowing herds their breaths exhale.

See yonder, tripping o'er the verdant scene,  
(Array'd in loose simplicity, and health

\* Beeston Meadow.

Courting to shed its roses on her cheeks)  
The milk-maid comes. Her well-known call's return'd  
With mingled lowings ; which responded are  
By light ear'd echo from sequester'd cave.

See, from th' adjacent village, \* nymphs and swains,  
(With pails well pois'd, and deck'd with many a flow'r)  
Cheerful approach their self-collected herds.  
—Thrice happy race ! in whose free bosoms, glows  
No tyrant passion—save instinctive love ;—  
No high ambitious views—save to be good,  
Awake your soft solicitude and care.

Next to thy princely dome, † my willing Muse,  
O MIDDLETON ! by gratitude is borne :

\* Beeston.

† *Wollaton Hall* : the Seat of the Right Hon. LORD MIDDLETON.

For, animated by thy gen'rous smile,  
She dares adorn her feeble song with thee ;  
With thee, thy country's and the Muse's friend.  
O'er thy green lawns, and thro' thy waving groves  
Permit the wand'ring maid uncurb'd to stray,  
And meditate amid thy hallow'd shades.  
Where, from the scorching sun, the nimble deer  
Lie folded, with their branching horns uprear'd  
Against the bodies of the flow'ring limes.  
Upon whose luscious bloom, with murmurs soft,  
The humming swarms collect, and pilfer thence  
Their store mellifluent ; while tuneful birds,  
And little squirrels hop from tree to tree.

Between the length'ning rows of even growth,  
The Muse proceeds on mossy carpet green,  
As far as where thine august mansion lifts

Its



Its sculptur'd front, and terminates the view.  
There also round the tow'ring walls are seen,  
Like little, moving woods, the antled deer.  
While some at play, with agile fleetness run,  
In circling courses, round the mural fence.\*  
——Ah, luckless race! what pity that those sides  
So finely spotted, shou'd, by savage dogs  
Be lacerated, and besnear'd with streams  
Of vital gore!—Those surface-skimming legs—  
What pity they shou'd e'er be forc'd to bend  
O'er mountains, vallies, and uncultur'd wilds,  
Thro' renten thorns to save the lives they bear!  
—Ah, hapless victims to a pamper'd vice—  
'The bane of mortals—lux'ry.—Tyrant man!  
Deem not that sport which pity deems a crime.

\* The wall which encompasses the Park,

But hence, my Muse, to yonder fir-crown'd mount, \*  
Up whose steep sides my youthful feet have climb'd  
Delighted oft, and gain'd the lofty top :  
There let that anguish cruelty excites,  
Subside within thy sympathetick breast,  
And smile at pleasures which can come no more.

Mem'ry, return to those serener days,  
When first my heart imbib'd the moral rule ;  
When first, near yonder mount, the tender thought  
Was taught to shoot : when first my infant mind,  
At the Piërian spring, its thirst regal'd. †  
—Say, from my breast shall e'er the envious hand  
Of time obliterate those blissful days—

\* Bramcote Hill.

† At Bramcote School.

Primeval,—smooth'd by innocence and play?

—Ah! never;—gratitude forbid the deed!

Fond mem'ry, now recall them with a smile.

——Yes; oft upon thine airy top I've stood,

And stolen, with sweet avidity, a glance

Of thee, my dear-lov'd, native, distant town.\*

There have I stood on many a cloudless eve,

And gaz'd—and fondly gaz'd my heart away.

Then down the farther side, with school-mates young

I've rac'd, t' explore the wond'rous fabled stone, †

And heard amaz'd the magick tale oft told:—

A tale

\* *Nottingham*: which, on a clear day, being very perceptible from this mountain—had frequently many beholders; for as several young gentlemen then at School, were natives of that place—a holiday, or licens'd ramble in the evening, was most generally spent in an excursion to "Bramcote-hill."

† Hemlock Stone: a very remarkable, lofty, craggy piece of rock, almost of a circular form, standing on a level plain between



A tale related and receiv'd as true  
By many a simple—many a rustick swain.

So does th' inventive tongue of fame declare  
Things marvellous and dire to have been wrought  
Within the confines of *this* silent grove.  
—Things, which before Aonian maid ne'er sung;  
And which to sing in never-dying verse,  
Require an abler—a more tuneful bard.

As a fair nymph (retir'd at sultry noon,  
To meet the chaste embrace of limpid stream,

two mountains; which whether thrown up by some convulsion of nature, or left so conspicuous by having the surrounding earth removed away, is not known: however, Superstition, without perplexing herself with abstruse speculation,—is content to believe it to have been conveyed there by some magical power.

From

Deep in the shade of some sequester'd grove,  
From ev'ry eye secure save that of heav'n)  
Stands, like a lily, on the marge, disrob'd—  
Irresolute ;—beholds her lovely form  
(With each surrounding object—tree or flow'r)  
Inverse reflected in the mirrour pure,  
And trembles as her timid feet descend  
Into the quiv'ring wave——affail'd by fear,  
Trembles my tim'rous Muse as thus she sings—

On *Clifton's* plains, erst dwelt a hapless pair,  
The one PALEMON nam'd—the pride of swains :  
SELENA, shepherds call'd the peerless maid.  
From earliest childhood they together grew,  
Like two wild rose-buds on one tender stem—  
At equal years expanding equal charms.

Their rural thresholds only parted were  
By a tall woodbine ; which, o'er either's cot,  
Wide mantling spread,—dispensing annual sweets.  
In either's garden—rang'd in even rows,  
Were hives of humming swarms—their mutual store  
Alike their lots, their pastimes, and their minds,  
“ Themselves distinguish'd by their sex alone.”

Soon, in their infant breasts, a partial flame  
Was rais'd ; which time, the gentle nurse of love,  
Made warmer glow with each revolving year.  
In the same fields their flocks, united fed,  
While they, reclining in some pathless shade,  
On past'ral themes, alternate strains wou'd sing.  
Thro' *Clifton's* wilds, they oft, at parching noon  
Wou'd steal, and near some falling rill retir'd,

To



To love wou'd dedicate the fleeting hour.

IN CLIFTON-GROVE—this scene for love design'd,

They, like the first-form'd pair in paradise,

Delighted each with each, wou'd fondly rove.

One morn, when weaving spiral wreaths of flow'rs,

'Neath the dense branches of a stately pine—

A turtle, by inconstant mate forsook,

Fled near the tree : and cooing in distress ;

Appear'd invidious at their bliss to sigh.

The pair beheld the solitary bird

With secret charm ; and thought themselves by heav'n

Supremely favour'd, till a bird of prey

Came hov'ring round, on wings unmov'd in air,

And settled friendly by it on the bough.

Then, at each other, they th' expressive look

Of

Of wild amazement cast : each doubting this

Some strange prediction of some dire event.

At last the silence young PALEMON broke

In trembling words like these——“ Alas ! my fair,

“ What means this change of nature——this return

“ Of amity and peace to savage breasts ?

“ The lamb might once (when white-rob'd innocence

“ With mortals, was on earth an habitant)

“ Have found that safety near the lion fierce,

“ Which it enjoy'd beside its gentler dam :

“ Yon trembling dove might then no fear have shewn

“ Of its companion ; but, from these abodes,

“ To those supernal ones from whence she came,

“ The heav'nly stranger, Innocence, is fled.

“ ——Say, will SELENA's plighted love know change ?

“ Or, is it me yon kite doth represent ?

“ Speak,

“ Speak, my lov’d fair, for apprehensions dire,  
“ And tender fears my throbbing bosom fill.”

‘ Not less concern than that PALEMON feels,  
‘ Affails and agitates SELENA’s breast.  
‘ But, if my conduct prove my vows untrue,  
‘ May ev’ry star which nightly decks the sky,  
‘ To me its sacred radiance refuse :  
‘ The winds be hush’d :—and this fair grove let fall  
‘ Its vernal foliage. May some blast destroy  
‘ Each soft perfection that my youth displays :—  
‘ With scales impervious to the visual ray,  
‘ Eclipse these faithless eyes, which oft have beam’d  
‘ A language on thine heart ineffable,  
‘ Replete with genuine love.—Nay more ; may I  
‘ Adown this woody steep be borne away,  
‘ By hell-doom’d fiends, into the whirling deep.’

“ And



“ And may PALEMON meet eternal woes

“ If infidelity e'er prove his crime.”

Soon from the tree the hostile birds took wing,  
In diff'rent courses, thro' the pathless air,  
And they, as soon, in love forgot their fears.  
But the pale moon had scarcely seen the earth  
Deck'd with maturing grain, autumnal fruits,—  
With hoary winter's snow and vernal flow'rs,  
Ere blighting storms PALEMON's waving fields  
Destroy'd, instead of his SELENA's charms.  
His flocks, once whit'ning many a spacious fold,  
With fell contagion died. His lowing herds  
Once num'rous as the vales which gave them food,  
Grew thin; and he, from smiling plenty's arms,  
Was cast beneath the frowns of abject want.

This

This change of fortune, in SELENA's breast  
Wrought equal change: who, from the once-lov'd  
youth,  
Now weans her passion for some wealthier swain.  
Which, soon PALEMON sees, and (not possess'd  
With fortitude such complicated ills  
To bear) becomes to wretchedness a prey.

One eve, he lonely sought the silent grove,  
Where, with SELENA he was wont to roam;  
And view'd those trees, whereon he'd carv'd her name,  
With sighing anguish:—view'd those flow'ry seats,  
On which they erst had fate—while pearly tears,  
Fast flowing, sympathizing hare-bells bow'd.  
At last, these accents of despair, the gales  
Along the grief-refounding scene, convey'd——

“ O ev'ning

- “ O ev’ning star ! that hast so oft her vows  
“ With smiling splendour witness’d—now grow dim.  
“ Ye conscious groves, and aromatick bow’rs !  
“ Your sweets with-hold—let fall your verdant pride.  
“ Ye winds, which us’d on your soft-fighting wings,  
“ The sweet bewitching tale so long to bear—  
“ As false SELENA wish’d—now cease to blow ;  
“ Or blow not till some pestilential shaft  
“ Her fatal charms to tarnish, ye convey.  
“ But, oh ! the *last* rash wish that ’scap’d her lips,  
“ Just heav’n ! avert ; and *me*, thou rolling deep !  
“ Receive into thine unexplor’d abyss.”

Thus said, he from the wave-wash’d side plung’d in,  
And sunk,—no more to breathe the vital air.

The gods heard not (as vulgar fame reports)

His



His dying boon ; but, in the dead of night,  
From black *Avernus*, let infernals rise,  
Which dragg'd, from her repose, the perjur'd fair,  
And, howling, bore her on their fiery wings,  
Into the eddies of Trent's shaded flood.  
Ev'n some point out the traces of their flight,  
Left black—whereon nor grass, nor herb, nor flow'r,  
Is ever seen to grow.—Hence, rural maids !  
Be to your swains sincere ; and in the chains  
Of love, ne'er wish to fetter more than *one*.

Now, up the length'ning vista, strays the Muse,  
Where trees, diversified with various hue,  
Shed o'er the dark-green grass, a darker shade,  
Illum'd thro' brakes by the declining sun.  
Tho' spacious here, they close and closer seem

To

To grow, contracting to th' extended eye,  
That at the end remote they fondly seem  
Almost t' embrace each other with their boughs :  
Where, thrice blest'd CLIFTON ! rises, like a pile  
In Eden's lovely wilds, thy noble dome.

Hence, thro' the darker entrance of the grove  
I stray, while lodg'd above, hoarse-croaking crows,  
Discordant, make the sylvan scene resound.  
Here, at one view, the prospect picturesque,  
Romantick, rural, the rapt eye surveys !

First, low aside the Trent's pellucid stream,  
Fair *Wilford*—pleasing village ! courts the Muse  
To sing the artless graces she displays :  
Where nature smiling dwells, and spreads her charms

Transcendent

Transcendent o'er the fertile meads and lawns,  
 With lavish hand. Upon the flow'ry banks  
 The Naid's sport; and in the mirrour wave,  
 Reflected, many a beauteous face appears—  
 Many an Angelina walks the strand  
 With many a comely swain:—when Summer spreads  
 Her cloudless azure mantle o'er the skies,  
 The banks a graceful multitude display.

Like those of fam'd *Eurota*, when among  
 His fragrant myrtle groves, *Diana* led  
 Her choirs, compos'd of nymphs—a countless band,  
 From *Cynthus*' lofty top:—*Cynthus*, who throws  
 O'er *Delos*' isle, an universal shade. \*

\* Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi  
 Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutæ  
 Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades : —————

*Æn.* i. 502.



Hail, venerable Trent! third prince of streams!  
In whose pure tide, my young advent'rous limbs  
Delighted erst to lave. Oft floating down  
Thy placid surface gilded with the blush  
Of orient day—have my dilated nerves  
A firm, compacted, vig'rous tone receiv'd.  
—May those fair banks and spacious meadows bloom  
In springs perennial, thro' which thy waves  
Meander—spreading plenty as they flow.  
And may, in blooming health, gay nymphs and swains—  
From ancient RHAGE's\* lofty scenes descend,  
Thy verdant, smooth-worn, winding sides t' adorn.  
—Of nymphs (for grace and beauty past excel)  
A num'rous train cou'd my impartial Muse  
Invoke, to deck and dignify her song.

\* Nottingham.

Such nymphs,—that were she with *Idalia's* queen  
To place them in compare, the lovely dame  
Wou'd smile and think her beauty not defam'd.

Hail then, ye fair! renown'd for perfect charms:  
Let dove-ey'd virtue, innocence, and truth,  
Exalt those transient charms to charms divine;  
For, these perfections are of heav'nly birth,  
And will exist when all externals fade.

Hail too, ye swains! who with such nymphs are  
blest'd:

On SHERWOOD's verdant plains content enjoy;  
For, fairer nymphs, and more delightful plains—  
*Arcadia*, fam'd in song, cou'd never boast.

Where'er you range—or east, west, north, or south—

Luxuriant scenes and prospects round you rise.  
 —If east—romantick *Sneinton's* rocky domes—  
 Extensive meads, and hills of golden grain,  
 With soft simplicity the mind inspire ;  
 Or rural *Colwick's* \* hanging woods invite  
 You to their cooling shade.—If north † you stray—  
 Brisk ever-breathing gales with roseate health  
 Freshen the cheek ; and waft into the eye  
 Ev'n of pale languid sickness—visual fire.  
 There, blissful shepherds, in serener times,  
 Tended their flocks—attun'd, on oaten reed,  
 Their love-fraught tales, and ran the mazy race. ‡

If

\* *Colwick*—the elegant Seat of J. M. MUSTERS, Esq.

† *Sneinton Plains*.

‡ A mazy tract of land, commonly call'd "The Shepherds' Race;" supposed to have been made by some Shepherds in the time



If western scenes your wand'ring feet allure,  
NEWCASTLE's airy lawns \* transport the soul  
To prospects various, beautiful, remote—  
To cloud-brush'd mountains,—wide-expanding vales,  
And sportive rivers. But, if southern gales—  
Or secret blandishment, or scented charm  
Convey, to court you to *this* † blest retreat,  
Thrice happy are you. Hither, then repair ;  
And let your flutes, in soft vibrations join  
Th' ærial choir.—Or, shou'd sweet solitude  
Conduct you to her still sequester'd feat—

time of *Robin Hood*. The path is nearly a mile in length, uniformly cut within the compass of fifteen square yards. It is an ingenious performance, and very justly esteemed a curiosity. Two persons may tread it together,—the one concluding where the other began.

\* The Park, the property of the DUKE of NEWCASTLE.

† Clifton-Grove.

Beneath the umbrage of some whisp'ring tree,  
Here, let th' instructive volume grace your hand,  
And contemplation waft you to the sky.  
—For, these are haunts where contemplation spreads  
Her halcyon charms, and fancy—wayward maid!  
Ranges at will, with purity, to heav'n.  
—These are the scenes where virtue—self-inspir'd—  
Self-blest'd—in solitude, the heav'nly meed  
Anticipates,—forgets a jarring world,  
And joins in converse with the faints of light.

Here, blushing Spring, hoar Winter's green-clad  
child,  
Presides amid a variegated throng.  
Here, on the margin of translucent streams,  
Arise the dulcet lily of the vale—

The smiling dove's eye, \* and the primrose gay.  
Here, the tall poplars, o'er the shining cliffs,  
Hang their green heads,—and slender woodbines shoot  
From tree to tree—weaving a flaunting bow'r.

Then, hither, O each happy swain ! repair  
The thoughtful, or the social hour to pass.—  
Hither—if female tenderness delight,  
At cooling eve, imparadis'd with her  
Kind heav'n decrees thine hymeneal mate,  
Or binds to thee in friendship's silken chain.  
Where careless rove,—and round you all her charms

\* In many parts of the grove is seen a very beautiful, delicate little flower, the name of which (if it ever had one) the Author being unacquainted with ; he has (on account of its singular appearance of innocence) given it the above.



May nature spread, while you reciprocate  
Th' exalted converse of your kindred souls.

Ah ! oft with thee serenely have I stray'd,  
My DAPHNE,—and drank streams of friendly bliss  
From thy mellifluous tongue. Retir'd with thee,  
Swift have the golden moments roll'd along—  
The tranquil hours and minutes glided sweet.  
Soon, o'er the closing flow'rs, has hov'ring eve  
Shook her broad humid wings :—alas ! too soon  
Has dun-ey'd twilight, o'er the western sky,  
Drawn the dark curtain of departed day :—  
Too soon the dampness of nocturnal gales  
Wet thy fair frame (too tender to endure  
Their chilling breaths) and menac'd thee with cold.  
Then, to thy home, o'er yonder spacious mead—

(Adorn'd

(Adorn'd with little mounts of new-mown hay,  
Diffusing balmy sweets in ev'ry breeze)  
Have I stray'd with thee, 'mid the fragrant store,  
While care has been an alien to my breast.  
When, have I with thee heav'nly converse held—  
Abstract from all th' unpleasing scenes of life,  
To only friendship—tendernefs—and thee.

Now, rural fields, and silent glens—farewell !  
Farewell, ye flow'ry vales !—ye waving woods !  
Thee, happy CLIFTON ! and thy *Eden-grove* :  
—For, farther on, a diff'rent scene requires  
A diff'rent strain than what to you belongs.  
On which my Muse, who erst, unnerv'd and soft,  
Sung nature rude and simple—cast the strength  
Of all thy pow'rs.—Let nobler numbers flow—  
Since nobler themes demand thy cheerful song.

\* There,

\* There, at one ken, th' enraptur'd eye beholds  
 Dome mount o'er dome, † and loftier temples ‡ rise :—  
 As on a woody mountain's hanging fide,  
 The tow'ring oak || wide spreads her branchy arms  
 Above inferiour trees, \*\*—and at the top  
 A cedar, ¶ like their queen, exalts her head,  
 O'erlooking rivers and furrounding vales.

Fair Town!—how chang'd by revolution's hand,  
 From devastation rude to smiling peace!  
 Once, o'er thy pavements pure, were meagre spread

\* Nottingham

† Alluding to the houses on the South side of the town ascending one above another.

‡ The churches.

|| Alluding to the Castle.—\*\* The houses.—¶ St. Mary's church.

The



The mangled corpes of thy natives—slain  
 By the life-sweeping arm of brutal pow'r.  
 Once, did thy mountains groan beneath the weight  
 Of hostile armies ;—and thy vallies stream  
 With vital torrents, by ambition shed. \*  
 —Bless'd change !—Where once, with steps  
                   gigantick, stalk'd  
 Enfanguin'd Slaughter, and tyrannick Death—  
 —There, LIFE'S ASYLUM, *Pity* bids arise. †

Delightful

\* At the time England was invaded by the Danes and Romans.  
 Vid. *Deering's Antiq. of Nottingham.*

† The eye will naturally be clouded with melancholy while surveying the wrecks of an inveterate war; and brightened with delight while viewing some flourishing city or magnificent structure, raised from the ruins of an old one. To behold the *Nottingham General Hospital*, must be productive of the latter effect.—A noble edifice, humanely intended to conduce to the preservation of life, erected on the very spot, where formerly a bloody battle was fought,  
and

Delightful sight, to ev'ry tender eye—  
To ev'ry friend of soft humanity !  
GRAND INSTITUTION ! form'd the drooping head  
Of pale-ey'd sickness to raise up to health ;  
To soothe the anguish of contortive pain—  
To heal misfortune's wounds—the feeble knees  
To nerve—the widow's and the orphan's tears  
To wipe benignant from the pallid cheek ;  
T' unfold the beauties of the changeful year,  
The glories of the firmamental worlds,  
The soft varieties of light and shade

and the major part of the slain interred—cannot but be a pleasing object to every christian. For, while he beholds it, he will reflect that Peace, the gentle daughter of his religion, hath planted her olive in a field, once displaying the horrid vestiges of war ;—and that, in the place of Barbarity with dagger and spear—Humanity appears with *bandage* and *balm*, after having founded upon the *charnel-den* of Slaughter—AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

To

To th' eye long 'prison'd in a cheerless night.  
T' infuse lost reason to the raging brain—  
To snatch from death's exitious cold embrace  
The languid frame, and animate it fresh  
T' implore a blessing on the gen'rous means  
That rescu'd it from an untimely—grave !

These, gentle pity !—these, ye heav'n-born souls !  
Th' heart-cheering meeds of your benevolence—  
Of those kind duties due from man to man,  
By pure philanthropy, in mortal breasts,  
Enjoin'd to dwell with sympathy and love.  
—Its sacred smiles, on you, may heav'n shed here,  
And friendly lead you thro' death's lurid vale  
To those transcendent realms of endless bliss,  
Where mis'ry shall require your aid no more.

There



There, may your names and your exalted deeds  
Shine as the stars and planetary orbs  
Which nightly cheer this evanescent world :  
And as yon nature-cheering ball of light—  
Which now adown the western steep of heav'n  
Majestically rolls—attendant clouds  
Adorning with transparent skirts of gold.

And, hail ! of Christian Graces the most fair,  
Whatever nam'd, or Charity or Love,  
Compassion, Pity, or Benevolence !  
May thy soft influence, like the orb of day,  
Uncircumscrib'd, be felt from pole to pole :  
Like the refreshing bounty of the clouds,  
O'er all creation's boundless space descend ;  
From breast to breast dilate, from clime to clime,

Binding

Binding in one harmonious whole, mankind.  
Ev'n on the wild and dreary waste, when blows  
The northern blast, and flies the winged storm—  
May the benighted stranger hear thy voice  
(Sweet issuing from some fire-illumin'd cot)  
Amid the mingling horrors of the scene.  
And when the victor points the murd'rous steel  
Against the prostrate captive's trembling life—  
Oh! quench the thirst of slaughter in his soul,  
And change the brute to man.—Unnerve the arm  
Of deathful vengeance:—melt th' obdurate heart  
Of avarice; and whelm the heated mind  
Of prone assassination with remorse:  
Gentlest of virtues! dove-like, fainted maid!  
Oh! with thee may I tread life's chequer'd maze,  
And, whether to the social haunts of men,

Or

Or to sequester'd solitude consign'd,  
Bless—or plan blessings for the child of wo.

Cease now, my heart, nor farther urge my Muse  
To sing those countless beauties yet unsung ;  
For pity first \* her feeble pen inspir'd,  
And pity now shall close her varied song.

\* Alluding to the exordium of this Poem.



F I N I S.



